A signe of dignity, a gariſh flag,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries, God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow;
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For Queene, a very catife, crownd with care;
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice whel'd about.
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burdened yoake:
From which, euen here, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes will make me ſmile in *France*.

Qu. O thou well ſkil'd in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare death's happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe make the bad cauſe worſer,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curſe.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. M. Thy woes will make them ſharp, & pierce like mine

Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*

Q. Windy atturnies to your clients woes,
Aiery ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſer
Let them haue ſcope, though wh
Helpe not all, yet do they eaſe the
Dut. If ſo then be not toung-tid
And in the breath of bitter word
My damned ſonne, which thy t
I heare his Drum, be copious in

Enter *King Richard*, *marchi*
and Trumpe

King. Who intercepts my expe
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue int
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed
From all the ſlaughters wretch, th
Qu. Haſt thou that forehead w
Where ſhould be grauen, if that
The ſlaughter of the Prince that
And the dire death of my two ſo
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, whe
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, whe
And little *Ned* Plantagenet, his
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*,
King. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtri
Let not the heauens heare thes
Rayle on the Lords Anoynted,
Eyther be patient, and intreat n
Or with the clamorous reports
Thus will I drownd your exclai
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my F
Dut. Then patiently heare my
King. Maddam I haue a touch
Which cannot brooke the acce
Dut. I will be mild and gen
King. And brieſe good moth
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I ha
God knows in anguiſh, paine,
King. And came I not at la
Dut. No by the holy rood
Thou camſt on earth, to make t

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